Sinners, Come Now

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/35504914.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Witch Will, Demon Hannibal, cumflation, Mpreg, Monsterfucking, Pregnancy, Pregnancy Kink, Breeding, Bondage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-04 Words: 4,988 Chapters: 1/1

Sinners, Come Now

by transcryptidone

Summary

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>
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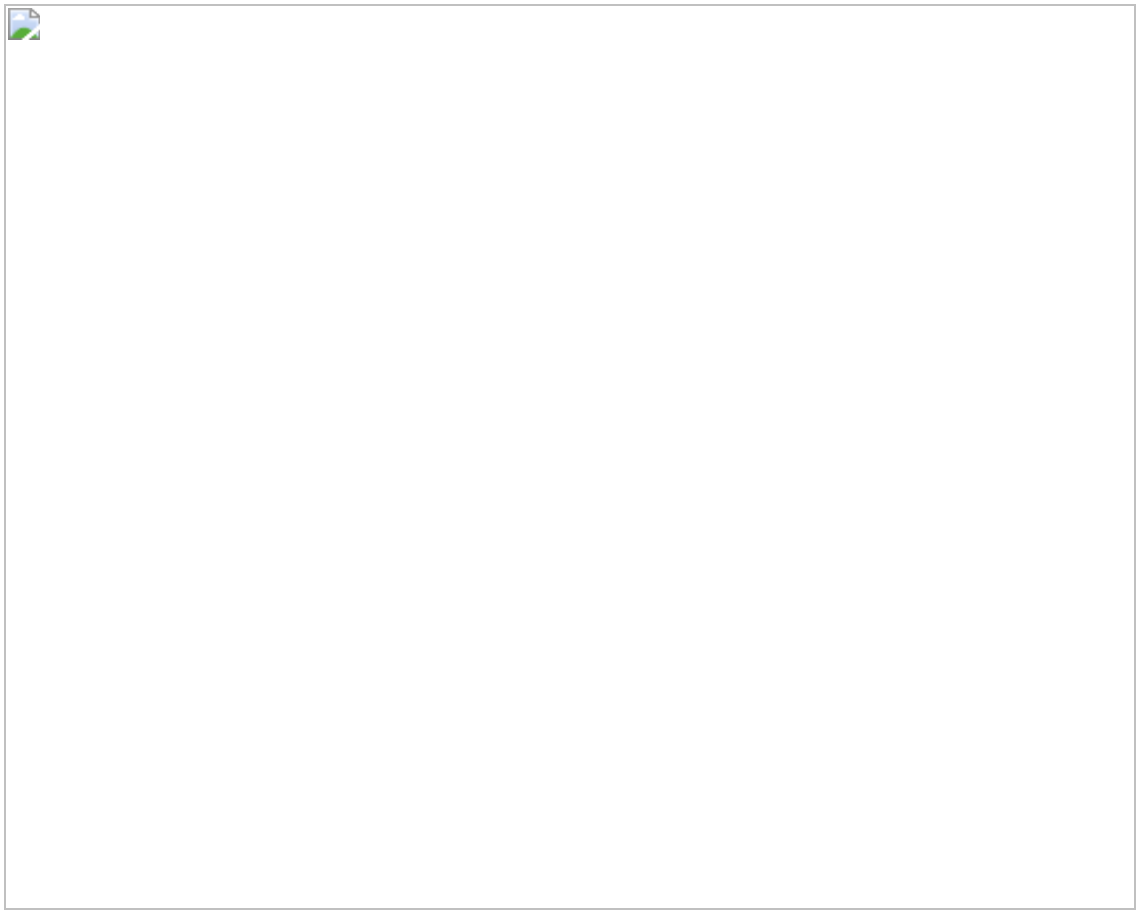
>
> “Agree to disagree."

Notes

> A prompt fill from July that's finally worked its way through the queue :)



A circle traced in ash, flecks of gray from some sorry, sacrificed soul cascading and sprinkling down against the cold concrete floor. What has been condensed of the creature from whence this ash came will be used to continue the circle. The circle will continue on and on in dizzying, catastrophic rotation until Will is no longer needed or the violence itself is ended, whichever comes first. Will finds either option equally unlikely - and that's not ego speaking but pessimism.

"How curious you are."

Will glances towards his patron, but continues his work.

Once the circle of ash is complete, it is then time to start taking away again. Will's nails have grown long and been sharpened to points for just this reason. Shapes, letters, symbols, Will etches them all into the ash from memory. He's performed such a ritual many times since Jack Crawford became a patron of a different kind, when wind-chaffed, just-out-of-school girls were dying and no one could seem to put together the dots just right.

Sweat drips down the nape of Will's neck as he recalls the way Jack Crawford breathed down the back of it with huffs and puffs of frustrated, near *enraged* fervor. Under the scrutiny, Will had felt himself burning and nearly boiling over. But no matter how much he allowed the darkness to creep along his skin, he couldn't seem to divine *anything* of any concrete use. Golden tickets piled aplenty, so many that it became like a *mockery*. Trying to find a needle

in a golden ticket stack. He let the feelings of desperation, despair, and rage seep into him from the tips of his nails to the base of his fingers.

Nothing.

Just more *fucking* golden tickets.

A lilting murmur circles Will as the source of that beautiful, terribly seductive voice does his prowling. The footsteps strike against the stone as Hannibal tsks his tongue in disappointment. ”A witch with a killer for a patron using *my gifts* to find other killers.”

Hannibal was summoned out of desperation using the ashes of a victim, a girl stolen from her childhood home and then tucked back into her bed in a white nightgown as if she were just sleeping. The Nichols originally intended to embalm her and bury her in that suspended sleep. That was the memory that they wished to maintain and banish, Will could see it in their eyes. It was the same way they’d eyed him when he’d asked about the cat, as if they thought he was going to steal her away and turn her into a familiar. He has plenty of familiars, thank you. And none of them are cats.

It was difficult to convince the Nichols to burn their one and only daughter and put her in a *witch’s hands*. It would have been *impossible* to convince them if they’d really understood what those ashes would be used for. Of course, Jack has never wavered on account of gentleness. He wanted *justice* even if it’s an absolutely *brutal* one.

“Jack Crawford considers himself to be a *do-gooder*,” he’s reminded. Hannibal never misses a chance to remind Will of his *misunderstandings* of so-called *good* and *bad.* Hannibal absolutely being an expert on the latter.

Will doesn’t say anything to that. He doesn’t have anything to say to it and anyway Hannibal already has the answers he’s devised.

While his influence is bestowed upon anyone in his presence, Hannibal’s *help* doesn’t come for free. Hannibal decreed his need for lungs that were still *alive* when they were removed, a follower who would denounce her blood, and the soul of a wandering, lost not-quite-innocent. As such, he took Cassie Boyle, Marissa Schurr, and Abigail Hobbs for his own and gave to Will the life of Garrett Jacob Hobbs and the ash from his corpse.

“Our Abigail wonders when you will pay us a visit,” Hannibal reminds him next.

Will *knows.* She comes to him in his dreams - day and night, truly asleep and simply not *fully* conscious. She has him spacing out as the sun goes down so that she can seat him across from her at a dinner table suspended in time and space. She summons him to this space by calling him *Dad.*

Each time Will thinks about reaching out a hand, the table gets longer, pushing Abigail further away and leaving Will’s eyes to catch on the glint of his silver rings and his long black nails like claws that extend from the tar that’s taken over his fingers.

Will inhales heavily through his nose and sighs. As he draws another symbol into the circle of ash, he can't help but notice that the shadow has taken hold of his knuckles as well. "Is simply *paying a visit* a possibility?"

The pointed ends of Hannibal's leather Oxfords stop right in front of Will's eyeline and just on the other side of the line drawn in ash. The words drift down from above like a breeze of freezing chill or blistering heat might waft them into Will's ear and right down into the deepest parts of Will's mind. "Why should you want to leave us?"

Will wants to laugh - it's such a laughable question. *Why wouldn't a person want Hell to be their home?* Maybe because it's Hell. There's no quiet of the stream in Hell. There's no wading the River Styx and even if there were, there would be no gentle rushing or trickling, only the sounds of those suffering as they slither around his knees.

"Better now while you're willing and before your hand is forced."

Will doesn't stifle the huff of a laugh that escapes as a scoff and a rush of air from his nose. Hannibal's word choice can be so *heavy-handed*. He's had many lifetimes to develop his humor and still chooses *puns*.

"One day, you will come to understand why it is *this* that you seek."

"I save lives," Will says, brushing the ash from his hands as he rises to his feet. Standing in the center of his circle, he scans his eyes to double-check his work even though he's done this too many times to still need to. As he holds up his hands, the edge of the circle remains midway between where shadow has swallowed Will's fingers and the one doing the swallowing.

"That is not *why* you do it," Hannibal says. "That, my crafter of cruelty, is a happy accident."

"Agree to disagree," Will states.

It's the only way he might deny Hannibal one of his many pleasures. The blood that resides in the ring on Hannibal's finger lends him access to Will's mind, allows him to predict every argument Will might want to make and so he can predetermine what counterpoints serve his purpose. The only thing Will can keep from him is the *reality* of those arguments and thereby refusing to move the chess game forward.

Hannibal hums, only showing his disappointment with the slightest pout of his lips and furrow of his brows. He crosses his arms behind his back and already when he's tilting his head up, any sign of anything like emotion has flickered away. He's all sharp cheekbones and sleek hair again, severe and impeccable. "Who do we seek today?"

"An angel-maker."

"A god-fearing spilling of blood," Hannibal says with a bit of *good cheer* showing in his smirk. "One of my favorites."

“Yes, I know,” Will says with a slight smirk of his own. “He’s killing his demons. Or thinks he is.”

“And for a moment, I thought you might be thinking of me,” Hannibal says with another tsk of his tongue. He twists the ring on his finger - *Will’s ring*. “Did you not like my gift?”

Will rolls his eyes. Hannibal’s *gift* was a Baltimore city councilman who brokered a woodland development deal that placed a parking lot where Will once gathered much of what he needed when *not* doing Jack’s bidding. Will wept for the trees that were lost, beautiful in their history and legacy, mighty trunks and roots that delved deep and anchored the world in time. Hannibal placed one of those uprooted trees back in that very parking lot and made sure Sheldon Isley realized that he came from this earth and he will be returned to it.

Belladonna for the heart. Chain of white oleander for the intestines. Ragwort for the liver. Toxic, poisonous man.

“I have life left to live yet.”

As Will sets the circle of ash once more alight, the flames flicker and cast a glow against Hannibal’s skin to give a warmth that’s for the moment more akin to the hearth than eternal Hell fire. As the irises in Hannibal’s eyes descend into pitch-black darkness and begin to glimmer with a glowing flame, Will must look away or risk being pulled in deeper. He furrows his brows as his eyes squeeze shut.

Eyes closed or not, Will can feel the way that the flames lick at his cheeks in the same way they do Hannibal’s. He knows the glow cast across his features is one in the same. Though there should be none in the room, wind whips Will’s hair away from his forehead and brushes across the furrow at his brow with such tenderness that it has him throwing his head back with a gasp.

His hands spread wider to feel the building, burning heat and he curls them to direct the sharp points of his fingernails towards the blazing perimeter. As heat licks at them, his fingers tingle and curl in on themselves without Will’s control until his nails dig into his own palms hard enough to draw more blood.

Hannibal!

The flame dissipates into smoke and there is Hannibal, unscathed and pleased as can be. Scorched into the concrete beneath Will's feet is a portrait like a woodcut. Each line is etched with precision to illustrate a family, perfectly nuclear with two kids and two parents. The only problem to be found is the great shadow that has scratched itself across the father’s face.

“A murderous angel-maker ridding the world of his demons and discarding his family in the process,” Hannibal pronounces as Will’s blood drips from where his hands are held as if frozen in midair. The crimson droplets fall and splash against the gray below his feet. The next one that falls catches in the cup of Hannibal’s palm. Hannibal cradles Will’s hands between his and lifts them up together to bow over in a mockery of prayer. “Is it worth it to be *godly* if it means being abandoned to your own devices?”

In moments like this, Will has to remind himself that Hannibal's kindness is what makes him the most dangerous. His good-looks could belong to a cad and a cheat. He could seem like the kind of demon Jack looks for in dark corners and high-rise offices. But Hannibal would never be so obvious. He has good looks *and* sophistication to charm everyone with his expertise and his *feasts*.

Shivers travel Will's skin as Hannibal's tongue drags across his palms and collects the blood that still rises to the surface. It's a quick flick of his tongue to make sure nothing is wasted and Will has to grit his teeth against the breath that fights to shudder through him. He feels it caught in his chest, rattling at his ribs like the bars of a cage.

As he licks across the shape of his lips, Hannibal looks up at Will with eyes as midnight black as Will's fingertips. Dark descends like curtains closing and, as Will blinks, he knows when his eyes are open and closed and how little it seems to matter either way. All he sees is the darkness in a theater after the lights have been turned down. Then Hannibal turns on the flickering projector he's installed in Will's mind. It's the one that has taught Will about Dante in his sleep.

The etchings on the floor gain life, becoming a photo on glossy paper like from the portrait place at the mall. The mother gains blonde hair that cascades over her shoulder and with wispy bangs hanging against her forehead. She wears a nice cardigan and a deep red shirt that matches her husband and sons. The children sit perfectly nicely as they've been arranged. No one blinks, captured perfectly in time. The father can't blink. His face remains scratched away like a scratch-off ticket and he certainly hasn't won any prizes.

"Your angel-maker's family," Hannibal says as Will sees what he intends. His hands cup Will's jaw, holding him still even as Will flinches in surprise. He simply brushes Will's hair away from his forehead to press a kiss just to the center of it. "What did they think of him?"

Will's brow wrinkles under Hannibal's lips as he watches the couple in the photo yank their hands away from where they were clasped together in a way so seemingly idyllic. "They feared him."

Hannibal's hum sends vibrations through his skull. His voice echoes within Will's mind as he queries, "For his violence?"

"For his suffering."

There are no bruises to be seen in such a snapshot because there are none to be found. The family all scooch away from their faceless father figure. Each bit of space creates opportunity for more, stretching far until they reach opposite poles. The kids shift restlessly in their seats as the mother clutches them close. The father might let his head fall to his hands if not for how his hands risk being swallowed by a black hole. Hannibal's thumbs brush against Will's cheeks as Will's hands clutch at the bends of his elbows and stain blood there like patches on a professor's jacket. Neither Will's blackened hands nor his head have been entirely lost. Yet.

Will feels the call of darkness in his mind, as infinite as terrible as that which plagues their angel-maker. "It's a suffering that precedes a Death that will come when it wishes."

As Hannibal withdraws his touch, it's a punishment felt like a slap in the face. Will suppresses the whimper that Hannibal is trying so hard to wheedle out of Will's vocal chords. Hannibal harnesses his strength from words spoken in the open. He delights in counseling darkness in minds, but when words are *spoken?* Hannibal's darkest, most powerful manipulations are those spoken into existence.

Hannibal pivots around where Will has remained cemented into the center of the scorched circle on the floor. He moves like whispers in the air, curling, weaving, and carrying secrets that go beyond where they're meant to. His eyes rake across Will's exposed, bare skin anywhere Hannibal can find it: what's left of his hands and forearms, around his collar and up his throat. It's a studious study of every feature of Will's face as if looking for anything that could have managed to escape his all-knowing notice. Will can feel the inhale Hannibal pulls in through his nose to sniff out deception and can practically hear the rush of air by his ear as Hannibal finds his perch behind him. The demon with a hand on his shoulder.

"His family suffers in his absence," Hannibal whispers in his ear, murmuring seduction as he presses his chest to Will's back. His hands smooth from Will's shoulders, around his elbow, and to lift his hands again until their motions are as synchronous as a body and its shadow.

"They preferred him on his own," Will insists with the shake of his head, shivering as he can feel his hair brush ever so slightly against the contours of Hannibal's face.

Will bites his lip as the blonde, drawn wife hunches her shoulders. The lines under eyes take on the appearance of being carved in deep as she turns grayer and grayer. She flits her eyes towards her husband's absent features and a shiver of revulsion leaves her shoulders hunched more. Will flinches away from such a look though he knows it well and had developed a hardened skin. His forts have fallen.

"He was *weird* and *confusing."*

"Your family wants you, Will," Hannibal says and shadow does the leading as Hannibal guides Will's hands to interlace their fingers together. As Will's head tilts up and back to loll against Hannibal's shoulder, he almost expects him to fall and crash as anyone might when leaning against a shadow. But Hannibal catches him and hums his pleasure into Will's ear. "Death can come when *you wish it*."

Will licks his dry lips and tilts his head lazily side to side to try to dislodge the temptation worming its way in. He can't be convinced, but already can't recall exactly *why.* The image that shrouds his vision changes. The wife and children become Hannibal and Abigail. She blinks her big, blue, lifeless eyes at him and whispers like a dying breath *Dad.*

"You know she misses you. Suffers without you," Hannibal reminds him. Hannibal chuckles as he raises their joined hands and wraps their arms tight enough around Will's middle to have him pulled further into the shadow on his back. "She lives as an essence in us both, flitting from mind to mind like a child asking for an extra cookie from the jar."

Hannibal's chuckle sounds like Will's own, though the sound leaves Will's chest rougher around the edges as something sequestered to some back corner of his mind still tries to *fight* like a rabid dog that's starting to feel the stun dart lodged in its side. Hannibal chuckles again.

“We are her fathers now,” he rasps and he spreads their fingers flat and low on Will’s belly, just shy of his belt buckle.

The circle lights anew, catching in the ash and spreading along cold stone to send Will’s shoes alight and crawl up his pant leg. The flame is barely more than a singeing tickle as it consumes his clothes whole. He almost misses the warmth of it when it does its duty and then leaves him stark naked and stone-cold. Will gasps and forces his eyes open and clear with the last of what he has left within him to think twice.

He’s just in time for the crackle from the fire to be replaced by the rumble that cracks the concrete, breaking it apart and pushing aside so that little, green vines might wriggle their way through. The wriggling roots form the circle anew, using the ash as if it were fertile soil. White oleander blooms just as menacingly happily as it had in place of a man's intestines. One particular bloom grows beyond the others, rising to prominence in front of Will’s very eyes. He blinks at it and sees just as Hannibal had allowed him to do.

“When I wove white oleander into my gift’s gut, what did you think?” Hannibal queries.

Will licks his lips, then grits his teeth. His petulance withholds and simply answers: “He was a toxic man.”

Hannibal disappears like smoke itself and Will crashes forward onto his hands and knees against the floor as he’d expected to before. Lulled by the pleasant surprise of expectations not being met, he left himself unprepared for the fall. His knees hit the ground roughly and the wounds on his palms drip a bit more as they catch against the floor.

“I’m curious,” Hannibal announces as he stands above Will with his usual grace. He only kneels to pet a hand across the blooms at his feet, cock hanging between his bare naked thighs. As the rest of his fussy, fancy veneer disappeared with his flame, so did his hair rumple and his chest become tinged with red underneath the hair that speckles it.

Under Hannibal’s commands the poisonous little tendrils loop around Will’s blackened hands and his ankles. Hannibal, of course, remains free to rise to his feet and move as he wishes, as always. With grace and an easy-going air, he casts a breeze across Will’s back that leaves goosebumps in their wake and has Will arching up like a cat might when wanting to pounce. There will be no pouncing.

Will has his own incantations for fire and brimstone to strike and burn. The smoke of the oleander would bring Will’s death sooner and drag the darkness up to his wrists at least. But that’s not what discourages him from trying. He and Hannibal are a match made in Hell, a union made in blood and body. Will may have withheld his mind, but Hannibal has had his access to Will’s body from the start. That is how they as witch and demon have shared in their connubial existence.

His back dips again as a reflex as Hannibal spreads his fingers to expose Will’s hole further to the open air. “Such a beautiful body you’ve given over to me,” Hannibal admires and Will gasps wetly as his hole flexes. Spit falls from his lips to the floor beneath him as Hannibal slicks Will’s hole until he could be wet enough to drip another droplet or two against the floor between his knees. “Capable of so much creation and destruction in a pretty package.”

Hannibal hums as he presses one finger in and tsks his tongue as Will whimpers and tries to shift on his knees even as his ankles pull against his binds. His shifting and moving only pushes Hannibal's fingers in deeper and at a more enticing angle. His toes curl and his nails scrape against stone as Hannibal adds another finger, simply humming again and adding another as if to say *so much room left to fill and use.*

No amount of pressing in his fingers and spreading them can compare to the way Hannibal's cock spreads Will's hole wide and fills him *deep*. Perhaps not even Hannibal's fist could quite hit all the *painfully perfect* spots quite the way his cock does. His cock is meant to break him, to send him tumbling into pleasures Will can't know anyway or anywhere else. Hannibal has arisen from being irresistible in every way possible. His cock is one of his many ways to tempt and intrude. He has been crafted with such excruciating perfection and temptation in mind that Will has been a goner since long before he ever even considered summoning his patron that first time.

"Why resist becoming what you already are?" Hannibal questions with a grunt as he slams his hips to push his cock in as deep as he can. He curls himself over Will's back to nuzzle at the nape of his neck. "When you already are as a demon is."

The gnarling feeling taking hold of Will's fingers has him blinking towards them to see if they've merged as one with the root. While he may be relieved to discover that the roots have contented themselves with how they weave between his fingers and around his wrist, the shadow creeps beyond the cover of the roots that bind him, crawling up each goosebump that raises as his hair stands on end. Each thrust of Hannibal's hips has Will shivering, the shivers encouraging the goosebumps, and enticing the shadow ever closer, each second burning and searing into his flesh as life passes before his eyes.

Will whimpers and keens, arching his back and dropping his head to hang between his arms as Hannibal licks a stripe along his spine. Sweat beads and drips, taunting and teasing as it slips down the sides of Will's rib cage along the edges of bone. Air stutters and shudders through him as Hannibal only splits him wider, fills him fuller, and pushes in deeper, spreading Will open, flayed so that his heart is exposed and his hole stings with just how wide the base of Hannibal's cock has become, far and beyond what Will has felt any of the times before.

He gasps as the burning eases when the widest part near the base of Hannibal's cock pushes past the last resistance Will's hole has to give. Will's panting breaths match the flutter of his hole and the throbbing of his blood in his veins. Sweat drips from the tip of his nose as Hannibal ruts his hips against his ass. His thrusts are frenzied and shallow, then *wilder and wilder still*. The bulk that Will had stretched around spares his hole the battering of taking it over and over. Sinking deeper and deeper, the plow of Hannibal's hips and the flex of Will's hole forges a pit in Will's stomach.

Hannibal's rasping groans pass through his teeth like growls, baring his teeth where they could grab at Will's neck like one of his dogs might to a misbehaving member of the pack. "If I plant a seed in your belly, will you grow to understand?"

The sinking of Will's stomach and the weight that has been settling there becomes *heavy*, pulling against Will's arched back. He hisses through his grit teeth as that might only make

the mass sink *deeper* under his skin and encourage it to dig in its roots and intermingle with his veins until there is no clear start to one and end of the other. As young is tethered to the womb and blood unites the bearer with the unborn, the *seed* planted in Will's belly exists as a part of him in body and will continue to be until it can sprout on its own and bloom. The pale white and soft pink of white oleander that bloomed in a gift's gut is akin to the sweet, near-life, and near-death coloring of Abigail's cheeks in every visit she has paid Will's mind.

"Hannibal!" he gasps, hands yanking against the roots that affix him and hole flexing as Hannibal's cock drives the seed, heavy and round as a fist or a stone, pushing it that much deeper and closer to planting. Will's hole gives another clench with the thought that this seed will be planted deep enough to safely shy away from the sunlight.

Even as Hannibal's chest heaves, he kisses Will's shoulder so tauntingly sweetly. "Do you understand, Will?"

Will nods his head, lolls it side to side as his elbows and knees ache with the want to collapse. His spit tastes metallic like blood and he licks his lips as he wheezes, "I understand."

"I'm not sure you do," Hannibal says as he pulls out and leaves his seed behind. He reaches beyond Will to tear away the flowers with the ease of yanking weeds from the yard. His silver rings shine against the midnight black of Will's wrist. The loop of his grip around Will's wrist is just as unyielding as what he'd so easily torn away, guiding Will's hand without question to press low between his hips where the barest edge of the seed presses back. "Planting a seed is just the beginning after all. Much more is needed if you're interested in *thriving*."

Will's finger presses harder against his belly to feel for the seed as much as he can. He does so long after Hannibal has pulled his hand away. Will wobbles on one elbow as Hannibal fucks back in, even with the steadfast grip of his patron's hands at his hips. Will's heart races and his hole burns with a wanting heat, sensitive to the point of stinging pleasure. The warmth burns hotter and hotter until Hannibal spills to soothe it. A flood soaks scorched earth, sinking into the cracks, dousing the parched. And then Hannibal spills more, beyond bathing the seed. He fills Will's belly until the edge of the seed disappears within him as Will's skin descends into the shape of his palm.

And then Hannibal spills more.

Beyond the shape of Will's palm and past the spread of his fingers, Will's belly swells. Pulling his back down with the weight of it, gravity shifts until Will's belly might swell enough to swing like a pendulum. The roundness wobbles and hangs from his hips as Hannibal pulls him upright. Hannibal's hands pet across the expanse of Will's belly and he spills just a little more even as he starts to ease his cock out.

"Do you understand?" Hannibal whispers, lilting even through his rasp.

"I do," Will gasps, throat parched as tears drip down his cheeks, falling from the edge of his jaw to splash and sizzle against the tense, taut swell of his belly. "I do."

Tell me, Will.

“Our daughter wants to be reborn,” Will says as tears fall with cleansing relief.

Hannibal hums. As his cock slips from Will’s hole the slick drip thickens as he goes and nothing spills once Hannibal’s cock has left him. No matter how Hannibal spreads his hand across Will’s belly and squeezes with the press of his fingers, all that he has filled Will with and left within him stays put. He catches the remains of a tear away from the curve of Will’s belly and drags the trail of it behind his thumb as he draws a line up Will’s chest. Will shudders as that thumb presses against his nipple, pleasure wrung from him as droplets well.

“You’ll feed our young the sweetest poison until she grows to be just as strong as you,” Hannibal praises as he brushes his thumb against Will’s lip to give him a taste of the sweet honey that coats his thumb. His hum is a melody as Will flicks his tongue to taste the sweet taste. “You’ll be so proud.”

The numbing clumsiness of Will’s tongue can still feel the sharp edges of his teeth and he smirks as he insists, *“You’ll* be proud.”

“Yes, I will,” Hannibal agrees, taking Will’s hand once more to gently lift it far enough for Hannibal to duck his head and kiss the ring on his finger. “Then perhaps Cassie and Marissa will want to see their days renewed.”

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